boulders, and gaunt tree-skeletons amidst which the cubes of stone-and-mud houses were indistinguishable save for the thin spiral of blue smoke that rose from their flat roofs at feeding time. 132

We were able to work on indoors, for informants were glad enough to come and sit by our fire and tell all they knew about any question asked, but we sorely missed the cheering chance encounters, the casual wayside chats that normally brightened our walks.

Indoors during the Great Cold the family is merry and happy enough. The recurrent tiny fire, whose ashes never quite grow cold and which is stirred into life at baking time, reinforced by human heat and not squandered by wanton draughts, keeps sufficient warmth alive for comfort, and the weeks of enforced leisure from outdoor work are thoroughly enjoyed. The women spin and sew and bake and tend the babies; the men mend and make their various implements; the children eagerly demand the right to help in every job for which they are ripe, while the old people come into their own and entertain the company by telling tales of every kind; not only nor even mainly tales of heroes and of kings, of raiding chiefs and bandit exploits from the good old days before the Serkár brought peace and security at the cost of adventure, nor folklore yarns borrowed from other times and climes—though they have good store of these; but the history of their country and its clans and anecdotes of every day. In this homely school the Hunza child learns all that it needs to know, the elements of ethics, morals, and religion, the accepted codes of decent behaviour, and all the accumulated wisdom of the land. 512 961 538

The Hunzukuts have no artistic gift of story-telling, and no professional story-tellers; they have no oral literature to match the Sagas of the North or the Persian wealth of the Thousand and One Nights, but they can tell a straightforward story simply and well and with considerable humour, and the phrases in which their yarns are couched have become sanctified and semi-stereotyped by frequent repetition. Some of these DL had recorded in 1923–24, and they were already in print when we returned to Hunza ten years later. We were surprised and 538

538 delighted to find that if he read a paragraph aloud from his massive Volume II, it was not only understood by the hearer but would be continued verbatim to the end.

539 Many of the anecdotes of daily life are amusing and delightful; a few are tragic. DL has made a large and representative collection of them. I shall only summarize a couple here which particularly took my fancy. A certain Alipo (let us call him) had married Nuri, whose home was several miles away. As wives not seldom do, she had gone home to spend the day at her parents' house, and her mother baked a rich cake with butter, walnuts, and what not for the girl to take back with her to her husband's home. Now though she had undoubtedly been hospitably fed by her own people, Nuri on the homeward way could not resist taking the cake out from under her arm and eyeing it covetously, and from looking she advanced to tasting, and from tasting to eating, till quite half of the cake was gone. On arriving, she presented what was left of it to her mother-in-law with suitable expressions of goodwill. Her husband, jealous of his wife's reputation, looked at it in dismay. "What hungry person did you meet on the way?" he tactfully enquired. "I met no one." "Who, then, has been eating at the cake?" "Nobody. My Mother baked only half a cake." Next morning Alipo restored Nuri to her family for keeps, saying: "She is not only a greedy-guts but a liar; and not only a liar but a fool as well."

There is a sadder story of a young wife: Nimo's job was to shut the kids and lambs into a byre at some distance from the house before coming home at night. One evening she had left the task over long and was afraid of reproof if she were late returning. "They will come to no harm," she thought, "if I leave them out for once." By bad luck, however, there was a fox or wolf about, and when she returned to round up her charges next morning she found only their torn and scattered corpses. In grief and remorse she fled home to her own people. No undue reproach was levelled at her, but there was no disguising the gravity of the catastrophe. She brooded over the calamity her carelessness had caused, and one day her father found her dead in the byre, where she had hanged herself.

WINTER AND THE "GREAT COLD"

I had expressed a wish to see what winter life "By the Lamp" was like, and one day Levy Kalbi brought an invitation from his womenfolk to join them some evening in their house. I was warmly welcomed into the living-room, where twenty people were at home and many guests besides myself had been invited. The guests included all our own household except the Kashmiri sweeper. I made my way over to the women's side of the house and murmured such compliments as I could improvise, on the skill and diligence with which they stitched and teazed and span. It was amazing. I could only hope that their zeal was perhaps a little extra on my account. Presently, when all had settled down after my incursion, a princely dish of potatoes cooked in *maltash* (producing a sort of Irish stew effect) was set on the floor in the centre and a wicker platter heaped with bread and another piled with grapes. Kalbi had most thoughtfully asked me to have my own dinner before coming, for he feared that I might not be able to enjoy their food (as *maltash* is an inevitable ingredient in any food set before a guest, this was both tactful and humane). Another large dish of grapes was set near me, and the children who clustered round shared them with me without reluctance.

Again I marvelled at the spaciousness and freedom gained by an absence of furniture. We must have been thirty or forty in that tiny-seeming room, yet there was no sense of crowding, and there was perfect ease of movement. And again I marvelled at the natural graciousness and instinctive good manners of these unsophisticated folk. My hosts and hostesses, who had never had a European in their house before, made me feel welcome and at home, and were evidently not conscious of the slightest embarrassment themselves. In a few minutes two or three prostrate sausage-rolls of bedding came to life, bright eyes peeped out and the respective mothers' exhortations, "Go to sleep again, darling!" were just as successful as their equivalents in similar circumstances at home.

Only a couple of the very senior men of the family shared the extra feast, but the guests were warmly pressed to fall to. Each folded a flap of bread round his potato and ate it neatly as from an egg-cup. Then Kalbi's old father, the patriarch of

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934+5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

574 the twenty, whose great-grandchildren were present in the
● 538 room, a fine old greybeard, active and handsome still despite his years, set out to tell us his memories of the siege of Chitral and Kelly's famous march to its relief, in which he himself had taken part. That was only four or five years after "the downfall of Hunza," as he phrased it, but numbers of Hunza men enlisted in the British relieving force. (Another neighbour of ours in No. 6 was also one of Kelly's volunteers.) He showed me the sword he had carried and the handsome muzzle-loader with its forked rest, both carefully greased and kept in good condition as befits heirlooms of the kind. He discoursed with a tinge of unconcealed regret on the olden days when men were men and fighting was toward, "though of course peace is best," he added with incomplete conviction in his voice. The others broke in with questions, and led him on to talk of this episode and that, rehearsed no doubt many a time before, and to cap the tale he proudly put his finger through his jaw and out under his ear tracing the path of a Chitrali bullet. This honourable wound he wore more proudly than his medal, though this also was displayed with pride.

While he talked away with ease and modesty even the little children listened with intelligent attention, and you could easily picture them in years to come telling their great-grandchildren: "My great-grandfather used to say . . ." Their tastes uncorrupted by the sensational gossip of the daily press and the melodramatic improbabilities of the screen, their memories not undermined by second-hand book learning, these humble Hunza folk are immensely better educated than the products of our costly schools; not one of them but can tell you all the details of his own lineage for eight or nine generations back on either side. Outside Debrettites, how many of us British folk can do as much?

793 A youngster who has a taste that way or who covets the
874 position of a priest in the future, can easily learn to read and write a little Persian and Urdu at the feet of one of the local
[212] khalifas. Burushaski has no script and is never written; nor would it carry anywhere outside the Hunza and Yasin valleys if it were. If he is more ambitious of letters, he can foot the four

3c Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

THE LANGUAGE.

212 Having described in some measure the country where Burushaski is spoken and the people who speak it, I must now give some account of the language itself and of the influences to which it has, at least in recent times, been subjected.

● [538] Burushaski[1] has no literature and is in fact an unwritten language. Obliging friends may have occasionally written Burushaski letters or texts in the Arabic script to humour enquiring foreigners such as Leitner or myself, but no convention has ever been arrived at to represent the sounds which are unknown to Arabic, Persian or Hindustani. When literate Burusho, and there are not many of them, have occasion to write, they do so in Persian for choice, or 217 in Hindustani. The student of Burushaski has thus no manuscripts, ancient or modern, to turn to for enlightenment. He must go direct to the linguistic fountain-head — the *sujet parlant*. As far as contemporaneous speech is concerned, this is rather a blessing than a loss, but a series of manuscripts or inscriptions going back through some hundreds of years would throw an invaluable light on the development of the language. Lacking them, we cannot divine its history, nor make any guess as to its primitive forms. Only the co-existence of Werchikwar enables us sometimes to deduce that a word or form which occurs in the one as an isolated or rare phenomenon is a survival of what was once perhaps common property, or else normal in some dialect.

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[1] I have never succeeded in getting anyone to recognise the word "Boorishki", the term applied to the language by Biddulph, and apparently accepted by Leitner, v. H. and H. Hdbk. p. 195 l. 2. Leitner also talks of the "Boorishki race". One cannot imagine that Biddulph and Leitner invented the term, so it would appear that it has gone out of use since their day. Possibly it may still flourish somewhere in Nagir. Leitner uses the term "Khajuna". This name is applied to Burushaski by outsiders and non-Burusho, as Leitner himself seems to admit (loc. cit.). I have heard the word used in Chalt, in opposition to Shina, by a man who was probably himself normally a Shina-speaker.

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

115 hunting, polo — he did it with his might; manly, competent and fearless; a dynamic figure, not necessarily every man's friend. Since then he had visibly aged, but there was still about him something of the alert, dashing air of the born adventurer.

To return to the Texts: No. 4 was related by a then old man, 'Ali Madat of Baltit, who, I believe still survives, though perhaps no longer capable of repeating his effort of eleven years ago.[1] IYB's help was essential in recording this text.

Nazar of Aliabad supplied the version of the "Prodigal Son" given in No. 46 A. No. 47 was written out and sent to me by Gushpur Muhammad Ghani Khān, the son of the Mīr by a local, non-royal wife. He also was a man of vigour and ability who died quite young of some illness, four or five years ago.

The Proverbs were furnished to me in writing by 'Ināyat Ullāh Beg, the second of the three sons of Wazir Humayun.

The Werchikwār Texts No.s 1 and 2 were obtained by me in Yasin from Hidāyat Shāh of Thui, and the translation of the "Prodigal Son" from Bahādur Amān Shāh of Yasin. In recording these I had the valuable help of Mēhtarzhau Shāhzāda Yūsuf of Yasin.

538 [565] One point of interest may be noted with regard to the Burushaski Texts, especially those containing local narrative. I have found, on reading out bits of them at random to several people here of the upper class, firstly that they appear readily to follow my rendering of the Burushaski, and secondly that they can habitually continue the statement at any point in almost the same [195] words as the recorded text. This shows that, though there are no professional narrators in Hunza, with the possible, partial exception of Ali Madat, the ordinary people are in the habit of passing on tales and explanations of customs in a more or less [173] stereotyped form of expression. This is probably the relic of a former custom of the upper classes of spending the evening after

[1] I have, since writing this, sought him out, and found him decrepit, but cheerful. Public opinion denies him any large measure of sympathy, as "he is not really old and has a number of sons who support him in comfort".

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

the lighting of lamps, between supper and bedtime, in recounting past events, and doubtless in confirming and explaining traditional behaviour and practices:

šapi·k ši·mtsum gučaš̌pal xa (I am told) gəri·tsɛ gəri-bilumišo ya dapiŋ ɛtašo huru·ša·n. Thamini tɛ·ndili gərɛŋtsɛ aka·birtiŋ huru·šam da šajara (= šajara = ta·ri·x) ɛčam.

"From eating food till lying-down time those who had lamps or those who were preparing wool for spinning used to sit "by the lamp." In former years the people of the upper class used to sit by their lamps and recount past events."

That these séances had an educative and moral intention is evident from the saying, ascribed by tradition to Big Ali of the Ghulwāting clan:

Ghulwaṭiŋɛ Big Ali.ɛ bər bila: "uyo·n ja gəri·tsər du·n ja·tsum siskuš̌ (= insa·ni.at) haki·ba·n. Ja khu γuniki.ɛnts ayu· γuniki.ɛntsɛ gərɛ·ŋtsər ničа·n."

"There is the saying of Big Ali of the Ghulwāting: 'All people have come to my lamp-side and have learnt from me human virtue. Only these evil sons of mine go to the lamp-sides of evil persons."

The few remarks I have to make about the provenance of the subject matter of the texts are embodied in the notes subjoined to each. Otherwise the notes are chiefly confined to grammatical queries and explanations. Paragraph numbers quoted in the notes refer to the Grammar. Obviously the texts, especially those relating to local traditions or customs, require much fuller annotation to reveal and explain their full content; but lack of knowledge, no less than lack of space, made it impossible for me to attempt such annotation.

I hope that my present investigations in Hunza may serve to throw light on many of such obscurities.

Aliabad, Hunza,
29th October 1934.

D. L. R. L.

[p.1 contains no textual material – Analyst]

No. XLIV.

Hunzu.ɛ γər (*or*, γərin).

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Vir loquitur. Wa matanər saphər jaᵛr manimi, milʲi.
Tuᵛmʲarin jɛ til naᵛl daiyam, adiᵛmɛ (*or*, adiᵛmər)
buᵛiki manuᵛm.

Puella loq. Wa "buᵛiki" se.imɛ guᵛkər bɛsɛ imalča?
Miᵛ kin naᵛdaᵛn oᵛyər iᵛrum. Ši.ulo goᵛsquli na!
Wa watanulo šahiᵛn maniᵛ kɛ gaᵛyu.ər bɛsan araᵛm?

538

The two texts No.s 44 and 45 were all the response received to my demands for Burushaski poetry or verse.

It is commonly alleged that there are no poems or songs in Burushaski, the songs sung on special occasions being in Shina, but Leitner has clearly shown that this is not literally true by publishing five songs in his "Hunza and Nagyr Handbook", to which I now add these two.

At the same time versification is not I believe a really indigenous, or at any rate popular, art in Hunza. No one who had lived among the Chitralis or the Bakhtiari Persians would be likely to report that *they* had no popular poetry. Where there is tradition of verse-making the fact is, in my experience, plain enough.

In Hunza I have heard of no traces of epic or ballad poetry. The few songs recorded deal with love, which I think is normally a later development. These and others which may be presumed to exist, are probably due to the efforts of individual adventurers, inspired by foreign examples.

My two specimens seem to me to show some poetic feeling, but if they are supposed to be in verse it must be the free-est of *vers libres*.

Of these two texts I can give only an imperfect rendering. I made enquiries and notes at the time that I took them down, but I intended to return to them later and with greater knowledge. Lack of time in the end forbade this and points remain obscure which might have been cleared up.

Verse, however, is always difficult to deal with. The language often contains archaic or elliptical expressions of which the people themselves do not know the

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

XLIV.

A Hunza Song.

Vir loq. A distant journey has fallen to my lot,
O thou my healer,
I have come forgetting my amulets,
May they be funeral alms for me!

Puella loq. Why dost thou outrage thyself,
Saying "funeral alms?"
May this foolish husband of mine die!
He has burnt thee up in the forge, alas!
When a hawk has appeared in the country
What peace is there for the partridges?
If there be friendship between me and thee

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exact meaning; and poetic expressions are not easily to be paraphrased in an imperfectly known foreign language, the less easily perhaps if they have been reduced to conventional *clichés*.

A further possible obstacle to comprehension is that lines may have been forgotten and have dropped out or been altered. These losses are particularly liable to occur where there are no rhymes and no fixed metrical form.

γər — the alternative of the plural γəriş suggests that the meaning is something like "verses" or "lines", but it seems more probable that the word is connected with γərus 'to speak' and denotes something that is recited.

1 ɯɑ — seems to have no very special meaning. It represents perhaps an effort to command attention.

5 *miᵛ kɾn* — written in the Ms. as one word appears to be really *mi kiᵛn*, the *mi* being used for *jɑ* as in other cases with names of relations, v. Vocab. s. v.

iᵛɾuɯs — the static pc. form with optative force is very common in these two texts.

ɳɑ — was said to be an exclamation denoting sorrow.

643 Therefore, I assume that it was an unimportant or
175 uneventful period or, maybe for other reasons, they don't want to say very much about it. However, his grandfather, Sir Mohomed Nazim Khan, has been famed both in fact and fiction and was well educated.
●[538] He left an autobiography, and I am the owner of a copy of it, which was given to me by the present Mir.

648 Today Hunza is a part of Pakistan but again, I could
177 see no Pakistani influence in the country, although
167 quite a few of the Hunzan citizens serve in the Pakistani army. But when the Hunzan men and boys return on furlough or after finishing their term of service in the Pakistani army, they take off the uniform and dress in typical Hunzan garb.

643 The Mir is still the absolute monarch of the country.
648 Just what part the Pakistani government takes in his government I do not know, but to all intents and purposes, Hunza is ruled and governed by the Mir.

648 From the most reliable sources that I could contact
642 and glean information from, I learned that Hunza is even today considered an independent state. Hunza and Nagir, its neighbor on the other side of the Hunza River, are said to be the only two remaining independent states in Pakistan, in spite of the fact that, by agreement, the Pakistani government looks after and takes charge of their foreign policy.

436 Apart from the fact that they use the Pakistani ru-
177 pee, and even then only a few of them appear, there seems to be no other Pakistani influence in either Nagir or Hunza.

205 Pakistani postage is also used in Hunza. The mail is
[177] brought in and sorted twice a week. All of the Mir's letters that I have received bear Pakistani airmail postage and they are postmarked "Experimental P.O." I doubt if anyone but the Mir gets any mail, with the